

Wall St

I underwent homework when
financial scandals first smashed.

Searched “Credit Default Swaps” etc.
Deriving Wall St sort of smarmy pick-
up. Forgotten most. Do know it boils

down to crooks and patsies.
The crooks must ante up to
keep from jail. Who wouldn’t?

The patsies, us, enabling
the whole demonic coil.
I think now of a desert-

locked monastery, the monks fig-
uring how to screw God himself.

Thundering Ibexes of Elocution

once seized this
floor where dwarf

species pipe
party lines,
and thud

the drum of
chauvinism

to punctuate
decline.

Forms of Violence

Football game or
political debate?

Choose former but
switch during lank
periods or unending

commercials. Players
on the field move with
smashing precision,

mouthing off after some
tawdry athletic trick
or other. Those fixed

mouth off continuously
as to feebleness of

opponent present,
and president not,

while casting raw
moral strength.

We like all this,
the violence.

Why the multiplex runs
the detonating thriller
on many screens,

the achingly sensitive
coming of age in rural
wherever, hardly one.

A Political Story

Government places me with Crystal family, murky yet patriotic. And walking distance to the prison where I go monthly to see my parents.

Both incarcerated for attempting to overthrow, etc. Mother with explosives, my father, vague tactics. In less hysterical times he's sent home with a scolding.

After each visit, daughter Jeanette asks me five questions, recording my answers in a marbled composition book.

Since the answers are glaringly obvious, she stops after a few months.

In Dickens, an attraction develops, but she has no sex, and shares the family trait of periodically exploding for no reason.

After both parents die in prison, I get sent to a recently-discovered uncle in Montana. He proves pure gold!--open, loving, fond of fart jokes. "Emotionally, I never got out of the six grade," he announces in his rusty pickup

as we bang over dirt roads on the way to fishing holes.
Yeah, it's all too Norman Rockwell.

Saves my life.

He passes when I enter Missoula as an Art Education Major, a flight of flannel-shirted angels carrying him to St Peter, who detains him until he hears every single fart joke.

Well, my fancy. I've others.

Strange to say, I now teach in the high school not far from the prison. Jeanette warms up enough to marry the hardware store owner, who, noting a curt way with customers, sets her up with an International Maids

Franchise, where immigrant women clean houses.
Ostensibly in an old-world, scrubbing way.

I got the best job in the world, teaching art to willing
youngsters. And, blessedly, out of the political loop

run by a cabal of English and Shop teachers,
being too “flighty.”

Live-in girlfriend considers me normal. We’re both,
of course, crazy.